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THE
TALISMAN

**DEL REY
COMICS**

NO. **1** \$3.99

COVER A

**FURTH
SHASTEEN
RUFFINO**



THE ROAD OF TRIALS

THE TALISMAN

THE ROAD OF TRIALS

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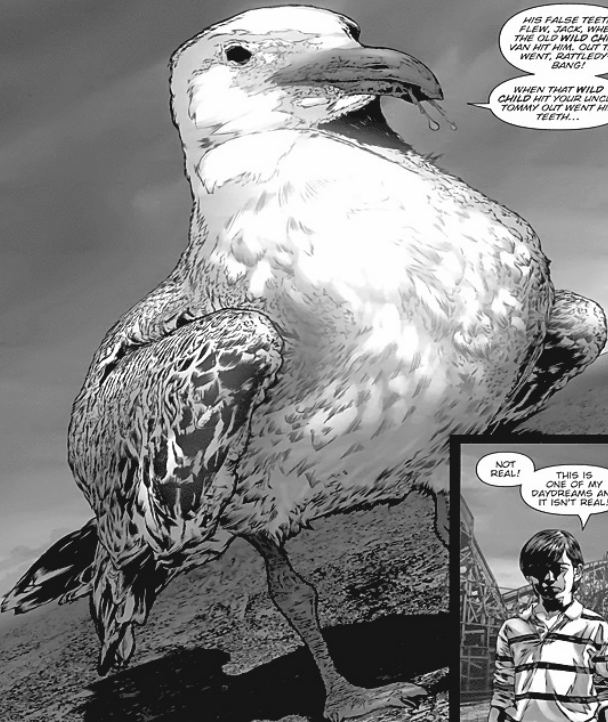
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An epic quest is about to begin in the unlikeliest of places...

In a run-down amusement park
on a desolate beach in New Hampshire,
thirteen-year-old Jack Sawyer is about to
learn some hard truths—about his father's death,
about why he and his mother are on the run from his
sinister uncle Morgan, and about the real nature of the
mysterious realm he once called the Daydreams. Now,
with help from his newfound friend Speedy Parker,
he will reclaim his identity as Travellin Jack and make
his first foray back into the Territories. There—where
monsters lurk and an unbelievably precious prize
awaits—Jack must embark upon a desperate quest to
save his mother's life and
fulfill a destiny he never sought,
but cannot escape.

Arcadia Beach
New Hampshire
September 15, 1981





HIS FALSE TEETH
FLEW, JACK, WHEN
THE OLD WILD CHILD
VAN HIT HIM. OUT THEY
WENT, RATTLE-
BANG!

WHEN THAT WILD
CHILD HIT YOUR UNCLE
TOMMY OUT WENT HIS
TEETH...



NOT
REAL!

THIS IS
ONE OF MY
DAYDREAMS AND
IT ISN'T REAL!

La Cienega Boulevard
Los Angeles, California
48 hours earlier

TELEPHONE

JACK,
IS YOUR MOTHER
THERE?

La Cienega Blvd.

LILY,
THANK GOD
YOU AND JACK
ARE OK.

NOW!

AAAAHHH!

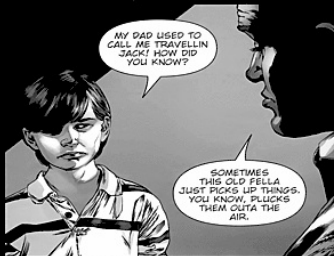
CRUNCH



CALL THE
BOSS. TELL HIM
TOM WOODBINE'S
BEEN TAKEN
CARE OF.







The Sawyer apartment
New York City
September 12, 1981
4 a.m.

**RING
RING**

DON'T
ANSWER IT, JACKY.
IT'S JUST UNCLE
MORGAN HARASSING
US AGAIN.

NO, MOM.
I THINK IT MIGHT
BE IMPORTANT.

UNCLE
TOMMY!

SURE...
I'LL GET HER.
I LOVE YOU,
TOO.

La Cienega Boulevard
Los Angeles, California
September 12, 1981
7 a.m.

LILY, THIS
BUSINESS WITH
MORGAN...IT'S
UGLIER THAN I
THOUGHT.

I WANT YOU
AND JACK TO GRAB
ANY ESSENTIALS
AND LEAVE THE CITY
RIGHT NOW.

I'LL
JOIN YOU AS
SOON AS
I CAN.

TELEPHO







OH.

THANK YOU,
MORGAN.



GOT TO
BE TOUGH NOW,
JACKY. ALL
RIGHT?



UNCLE
TOMMY WAS KILLED
IN A HIT-AND-RUN
ACCIDENT.

HE WAS
CROSSING LA CIENEGA
BOULEVARD AND A VAN
HIT HIM. A WITNESS SAID
THAT IT WAS BLACK, AND
THAT THE WORDS *WILD
CHILD* WERE WRITTEN
ON THE SIDE.



WE'RE
ALONE NOW,
JACKY.







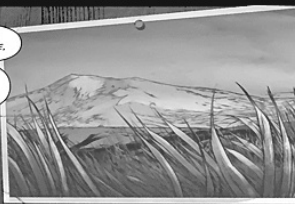
DON'T MIND
SILVER LADY, LYIN'
THERE ON THE
FLOOR.

LET'S
HAVE A LITTLE
REFRESHMENT.



I KNOW
THIS PLACE.

THEY
HAVE MAGIC
LIKE WE HAVE
PHYSICS...



HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN TO
THAT PLACE,
SPEEDY?

I DREAMT
ABOUT IT ALL THE
TIME WHEN I WAS
SMALL.



HELL,
I NEVER BEEN
OUTSIDE THESE UNITED
STATES.

BUT A MAN
LIKE ME, HE HEARS
ALL KINDS OF
STORIES.



STORIES
ABOUT MEN WHO
CAN TURN INTO
BEASTS.

STORIES
ABOUT QUEENS.
SICK QUEENS.









YOU
ALL RIGHT,
SON?



I REMEMBER! I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
ANOTHER ONE OF MY
DAYDREAMS, BUT YOU
WERE REAL!

SAY,
TRAVELLIN JACK,
TAKE HER EASY
NOW.



MY MOM
HAS CANCER,
SPEEDY!

SHE SAYS
SHE CAME HERE
TO GET AWAY FROM
UNCLE MORGAN,
BUT SHE CAME
HERE TO DIE!



MAYBE
SHE DID COME
HERE TO
DIE...



...BUT MAYBE YOU CAME
HERE TO SAVE HER. HER...
AND A WOMAN JUST LIKE
HER. ONLY THAT OTHER
WOMAN, SHE'S
A QUEEN.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



NO, BUT
YOU WILL.



YOU
KNOW THOSE
THINGS YOU CALL
DAYDREAMS?

THOSE
VISIONS AIN'T
DREAMS. THEY'RE AS
REAL AS THIS HERE
SUNLIGHT.



SPEEDY!



YOU
JUST...

YEAH-BOB.
I JUST FLIPPED
INTO ANOTHER
WORLD.



THAT PICTURE
YOU SAW ON THE
WALL? YOU CALL IT
THE DAYDREAMS;
I CALL IT THE
TERRITORIES.

BUT
MY MOM
SAYS...

YOUR MOM
DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THE TERRITORIES,
AT LEAST HER
CONSCIOUS MIND
DON'T.



BUT IN A WAY,
SHE *DO* KNOW ABOUT
THEM. BECAUSE
YOUR DADDY, *HE*
KNEW.

BUT YOUR
DADDY MADE THE
MISTAKE OF BRINGIN'
THAT FELLA YOU CALL
BLOAT OVER
THERE...



UNCLE MORGAN
KNOWS ABOUT THE
TERRITORIES?



YEAH-BOB.
ONLY *HE* WENT
THERE TO PLUNDER
HIMSELF OUT A
FORTUNE.

ONCE YOUR
DADDY FOUND OUT
WHAT *HE* WAS DOIN',
SLOAT AND HIS
TWINNER HAD
HIM KILLED.

HIS...TWINNER?
BUT UNCLE MORGAN
DOESN'T HAVE A
TWIN!

LOTS OF PEOPLE
IN THIS WORLD GOT
TWINNERS IN THE
TERRITORIES.

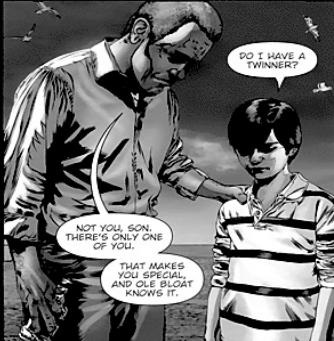
YOUR DADDY'S
TWINNER WAS A
FINE MAN.



DO I HAVE A
TWINNER?

NOT YOU, SON.
THERE'S ONLY ONE
OF YOU.

THAT MAKES
YOU SPECIAL,
AND OLE BLOAT
KNOWS IT.





OLE BLOAT WANTS YOUR MAMMA TO DIE, JUST LIKE HIS TWINNER IN THE TERRITORIES WANTS QUEEN LAURA TO DIE.

HE'S GONNA TRY TO STOP YOU SAVIN' YOUR MAMMA AND THE QUEEN, BUT YOU GOT TO DO IT.



SPEEDY, KINGLE MORGAN KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

THEN TIME IS SHORTER THAN EVER.

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET TRAVELLIN'.



LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO VISIT THE TERRITORIES DON'T NEED NOTHING LIKE THIS, BUT YOU AIN'T **FLIPPED** OVER IN A FEW YEARS. NOT WITH YOUR WHOLE SELF.

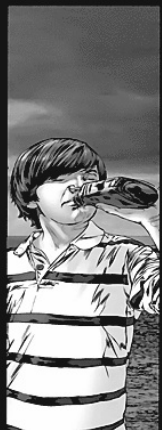
SO THIS HERE MAGIC JUICE IS YOUR KEY. YOUR KEY TO THE TERRITORIES.



IF YOU GET SCARED AND WANT TO FLIP BACK, JUST TAKE ANOTHER SIP.

THE BOTTLE WILL COME WITH ME?

YOU BET.



COUGH

COUGH

UGH! THAT'S HORRIBLE!

SPEEDY! THAT STUFF WILL KILL ME!



OH...





YOU
ALL RIGHT,
JACK?

HEY, HOW
DID I GET THIS FAR
AWAY FROM THE
CAROUSEL?

DISTANCES
IS DIFFERENT
OVER IN THE
TERRITORIES.



THAT'S WHY YOU
GONNA HAVE TO DO A
WHOLE LOT OF YOUR RAMBLING
OVER THERE, BECAUSE THE
TERRITORIES IS A WHOLE
LOT SMALLER.

BUT SPEEDY,
YOU STILL HAVEN'T
TOLD ME WHY I
HAVE TO GO!



YOU GOT TO FETCH
SOMETHIN'. JACK.
SOMETHIN' MAGIC
THAT'S TRAPPED IN
AN EVIL PLACE.



BUT I'LL
EXPLAIN IT ALL
ONCE YOU READY
TO GO.

NOW, I
THINK THERE'S
SOMEBODY SPECIAL
YOU GOT TO SAY
GOOD-BYE TO.



BUT MY
MOM'S GOING
TO BE ALONE,
SPEEDY! ALL
ALONE!

IN SOME
THINGS, JACK,
THERE JUST AIN'T
NO CHOICE.





I thank you
I love you
and will be back

TO BE CONTINUED

Welcome to the Territories

Whether you are a longtime *Talisman* fan or this is the first time you have *flipped* into the Territories, I hope you have enjoyed the first installment of our tale. For me, the journey that led to the making of this comic book began almost a decade ago, in the unimaginably distant past when I did not yet know the meaning of the word *Twinner*.

At the time I was a starving graduate student at the University of Maine at Orono, Stephen King's alma mater. One of my supervisors was a wonderful man and well-known scholar named Burt Hatlen, who also happened to be an old friend of Mr. King's. Hence, when Steve King wanted to give a hardworking student a helping hand by hiring him or her as a temporary research assistant, Burt thought of me. After all, I was an avid reader, a published writer, and a longtime fan of fantasy and horror. Even my Ph.D. thesis was on supernatural fiction, and Burt thought that Steve and I would get along really well.

One of my first jobs was to travel to the New York City Public Library to photocopy newspaper articles about the notorious serial killer Albert Fish. Although I didn't know the title of the book-in-progress for which this information was needed, I did know that the book was a Straub/King

collaboration and that it was a follow-up to the much-loved volume *The Talisman*.

Although I'd loved Peter Straub's *Ghost Story* and had been a longtime Constant Reader of Stephen King's fiction, I'd never read their one joint venture. Eager to do a good job for these two writers whose work I so admired, I decided to throw myself into background reading. As the plane took off from Bangor's snowy airport, I opened *The Talisman* for the first time:

On September 15th, 1981, a boy named Jack Sawyer stood where the water and land come together, hands in the pockets of his jeans, looking out at the steady Atlantic. He was twelve years old and tall for his age. The sea-breeze swept back his brown hair, probably too long, from a fine, clear brow. He stood there, filled with the confused and painful emotions he had lived with for the last three months—since the time when his mother had closed their house on Rodeo Drive in Los Angeles and, in a flurry of furniture, checks, and real-estate agents, rented an apartment on Central Park West. From that apartment they had fled to this quiet resort on New Hampshire's tiny seacoast. Order and regularity had disappeared from Jack's world. His life seemed as shifting, as uncontrolled as the heaving water before him...

fine clear brow and that he likes to wear corduroys and rugby shirts. But unlike his mother, he is never compared to any actors or famous people from our world. We don't see him move through space, as we see Speedy move. We are not given details about his facial expression or stance, as we are with Morgan Sloat. Why? The answer is pretty fascinating. As readers, we are usually *behind* Jack's eyes, rather than in front of them. Hence, we identify with him completely, but we rarely see him.

After endless hours of work, Tony came up with a great image of Jack. Then we faced our final dilemma. What about his father, Phil? If there were few visual descriptors for Jack, there were virtually none for Phil. I scoured the book many times, but since Phil is long dead by the time the novel begins, the only descriptions we have of him are vague ones, filtered through other characters' emotions (such as Morgan Sloat's jealousy, which informs us that Phil "looked rich") or Jack's love (which lets us know that Phil had big warm hands!).

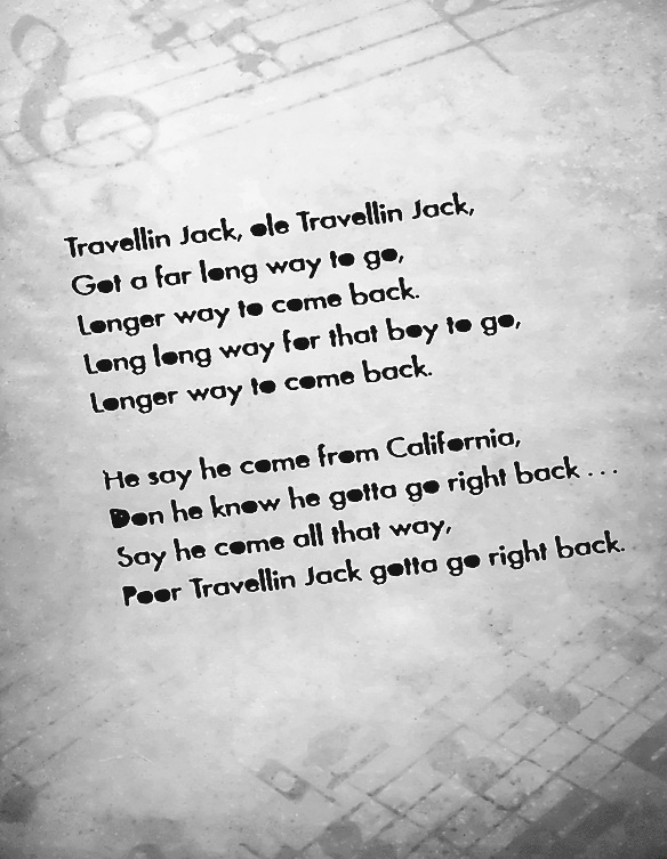
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In the end I realized that the novel tells us more about Phil's voice (which Jack often hears in his head) than it does about Phil's appearance. However, I also discovered that *The Talisman* gives us one *extremely* helpful clue, and it was this that Tony used to clinch his vision of Phil. When Jack walks into the Arcadia Tea and Jam Shoppe, his mother tells him that he looks a lot like his father! So, once we had Jack down, we were halfway to Phil.

So, my fellow *Talisman* fans, on that note I will leave you for another month. Thanks so much for your interest, and for traveling with us. And until we meet again, don't forget to Daydream!



All the best,
Robin Furth



Travellin Jack, ole Travellin Jack,
Got a far long way to go,
Longer way to come back.
Long long way for that boy to go,
Longer way to come back.

He say he come from California,
Den he know he gotta go right back ...
Say he come all that way,
Peer Travellin Jack gotta go right back.



ISSUE 2 ON SALE
DECEMBER 16, 2009.

"A classic . . . rare and dazzling."

—New York *Daily News*, on the #1 New York Times bestseller *The Talisman*



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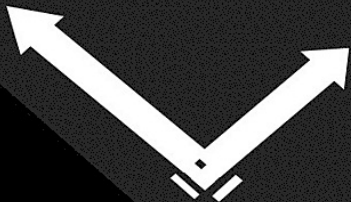


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